

Terror Squade "Take Me Home"

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Let me take you home
She wanna take me home
And lay me up inside her home
She wanna turn me on breakfast in the morn'

And she said, "Daddy let me take ya home
Papi let me take ya home"
And I said, "Mami you can take me home
If you let the whole crew get on"
(Bitch)

I got this chick from Cali, profilin', she's wilin'
She's gangsta, she knows that she's got it like that
We was drivin on crenshaw cruisin for food
When she pulled up beside me, set off in the 'lac

And I said, "Damn girl you actin' like you don't know
Never seen me before
Episode of cribs on MTV video
What you think T S stand for?"

She said, "Terrific sex", yeah that too
And the diamonds is no facade
Used to be a broke nigga from the B X
Now i'm rich got the world screamin terror squad

Think about it now, everywhere we go
Every other city we tour, they never say no
Seems like every other night
I got a different chick beggin me.

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(Bitch)

I was up in the club right
Had some Remy in my cup right
And that's when I peeped him
He was lookin' so fresh and so cleaned up

He was fitted down to his sneakers
I really do mean this I ain't never seen this
There was some people standin' in between us
Had to go over there so I could meet him

I had him pimped up in the cut near the speakers
If he got a girl I know she's heated cuz right now I'm all
he needin'
If he crush me then trust me it's a guarantee that he's
not leavin'
Told me he heard of me but don't know me and I liked
him for some reason

Invited him to my place, sat on his face
And I ain't got a man so it ain't cheatin'
Think about it now, I don't gotta stress
I don't ever really gotta press they always say yes
It seems like every other night I got a different nigga
beggin' me

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You's a big girl, eat it up
Now tell ya friend to hold your hair while you eatin' up
A little hot, little drunk, little weeded up
We in the truck and freakin' off while the speakers
bump

I'm steady speedin' up swervin' the bumps
I'm trynna fuck but I ain't trynna fuck her 23's up
So I ease up, drunk and focused
Tryna watch the road but yo the back seats heatin' up

And so I'm keepin' them, wish you could see them
I know you hear them breathin' like you been
possessed by a demon
I know you heated, wish you was here

But gotta go now have a good evening

Hang up the phone now, have a good weekend
Shorty just called the boat the front seat
And I think she's about to go down 4 seasons
I know the horn ain't beep for no reason

3 in the mornin' and actin' indecent
She so horny damn this shit seems like every other
night
I get a group of chicks beggin' me

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